

BLOOD & TREASURE

**Episode One:
"The Curse of Cleopatra"**

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****STAFFING DRAFT - NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION****

TEASER

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

Flashlights illuminate the limestone walls and sandy floors of an ancient maze. Archeologist **DOCTOR ANA CASTILLO** (50), pushes into the darkness using a hand-drawn map to guide her.

LOCAL GUIDES follow as a pair of armed **PMCs** provide security. Dr. Castillo stops, points to the wall. Waving up her younger assistant **MAX** (late 20s, Egyptian, bookish)--

DR. CASTILLO
This is the spot.

She shouts to a man in Arabic. A pick-ax is passed forward--

MAX
How can you be sure?

Dr. Castillo leans in, pointing to the wall--

DR. CASTILLO
These stones have been replaced...

MAX
So your theory is right...

DR. CASTILLO
Only one way to find out.

She swings the ax--*CRACK!* *CRACK!*

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL--

A final *CRACK!* A massive stone gives way--*thunk*--and a *WHOOSH* of stale air is released.

Dr. Castillo reaches into her satchel, *pops* a handful of glow sticks. She tosses them in, revealing--

A massive room full of **GOLDEN EGYPTIAN TREASURE**.

She steps in. *A moment of wonder as she takes in everything from golden ceremonial vases to the ornate gold-leaved hieroglyphics on the wall.*

As the team joins her, every beam from their flashlights shines on a new treasure--sparkling jewels, a gilded chariot. *Everything an Egyptian ruler might need in the afterlife.*

MAX
You've finally found it.

She sends a quick text from her phone: **FOUND THEM!**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. CASTILLO
Everyone be careful where you walk.
Nothing is to be disturbed until it
can all be catalogued--

Seeing the gilded Sarcophagus in the middle of the room--

DR. CASTILLO (CONT'D)
...Wait, there's only one of them.

There's an empty stone platform right next to it. One of the sarcophagi has been removed. Strange.

MAX
Dr. Castillo!

She joins Max at the wall they just entered through. The flashlight at the end of the PMC's barrel illuminates--

TWO SKELETONS. Dressed in modern clothes, contorted in the tragic last moments of their life--trying to claw their way out of the tomb. Castillo turns one over, revealing--

*A decomposed body wearing the uniform of a **NAZI OFFICER.***

Max looks back to Dr. Castillo, strange. One of the PMCs takes a closer look at the tarnished insignia--

PMC
Afrika Korps, from the Nazi invasion
of Egypt.
(then)
These bodies are seventy-five years old.

MAX
So they found the secret room, and
got sealed in? By who?

DR. CASTILLO
This doesn't make any sense.

Max shines his light on the wall in front of the body revealing HIEROGLYPHS carved into the stone. Translating--

MAX
"All who disturb this sacred tomb
will come to know swift death and
be cursed for all eternity."

Looking back down at the dead Nazi, half-convinced--

MAX (CONT'D)
Well, technically, we haven't disturbed
anything yet...
(off Castillo's look)
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PMC

There's something in his hand...

He pulls a FADED BRONZE MEDALLION from the shriveled hand.

ON IT: Three intertwined ASPS and ancient Greek script. He hands it to Doctor Castillo, who reads the Greek.

DR. CASTILLO

"Serapis"...

It means something to her but she's not ready to say more yet. She pockets the medallion.

DR. CASTILLO (CONT'D)

Call up to the surface, have them notify the Egyptian Ministry of our find.

Max nods, keying his walkie-talkie, but instead of a person on the other end, GUNSHOTS!

The PMCs are already pulling automatic rifles off their shoulders, putting themselves between Castillo and the door--

PMC

Stay behind us...and stay silent.

A tense moment as the PMCs coordinate their defense.

We stay with Dr. Castillo and Max, huddled in the darkness. The dull thud of FOOTSTEPS is carried deep through the tunnels, coming closer and closer...until--

Otherwordly glowing red eyes alight in the darkness. WTF?

Then...*plink!*, *plink!*, *plink!*

FLASH! *BANG!* the grenades detonate in front of the PMCs. FROM THE SMOKE: a dozen red laser-sights reach into the room--

The PMCs fire *brakka-brakka!*--

Dr. Castillo peers out to see the PMCs taken out one at a time by precise fire from silenced submachine guns.

The laser-scoped ASSAULT TEAM advances into the tomb. *The otherwordly glowing red eyes are from their night-vision goggles.* Their faces covered by balaclavas.

Their lasers criss-cross, searching for more armed targets. Satisfied, one puts up his hand--ALL CLEAR!

As the smoke swirls, the MEN part to reveal their LEADER, who--in his own mask and night-vision goggles--strides into the tomb. He takes it in, sees something missing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at Dr. Castillo. In perfect English--

LEADER
Where is the other sarcophagus?

DR. CASTILLO
(scared, but defiant)
Even if I knew, I wouldn't tell you.

His glowing red eyes scrutinize her as he orders his men--

LEADER
Set the explosives.
(re: Castillo)
Take her.

DR. CASTILLO
No! You can't do this!!

Three men struggle to subdue Dr. Castillo and drag her out of the tomb. The last thing she sees: the masked men pull the bolts back on submachine guns aimed at Max and the others.

The reflection of the muzzles *FLASH* in their goggles as--

DR. CASTILLO (CONT'D)
No!!

Her scream is drowned out by GUNFIRE.

EXT. GIZA PYRAMIDS - DAWN

Dr. Castillo is dragged through the sand, revealing--

THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF--

GIZA, EGYPT

Castillo's been pulled from the tallest of the three, *Khafre*. Behind her, the sarcophagus and the rest of the tomb's treasure are moved with precision by the masked thieves.

It's too early for tourists so the place is empty, save for the BODIES of security guards that litter the complex.

At the end of a convoy of up-armored SUVs, a two-axle CARGO TRUCK. The Sarcophagus is slid into the back of it, along with a shell-shocked Dr. Castillo.

The Leader climbs into the cab of the truck as the diesel engines belch with black smoke and *roar* to life.

The Leader reaches into his pocket, pulling a DETONATOR. He casually keys the ignition. There's a pause, then, from behind them--a *DEEP RUMBLE that grows and grows until--*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN EXPLOSION RIPS THE PYRAMID APART.

As one of the Seven Wonders of the World lies in ruin, we--

SMASH TO TITLES--

BLOOD AND TREASURE

FADE TO:

CLOSE ON: A GOLDEN FERTILITY IDOL--*both fierce and beautiful, it should look familiar.* Resting on a stone pedestal, it almost radiates its own light.

HANDS weigh a small drawstring BAG, ready to swap it out for the idol. *The music swells as the hands quickly SWITCH the bag for the idol. A beat, of victory...then, suddenly--*

VOICE (O.C.)

Danny!

We pull out to reveal we're in--

INT. SOTHEBY'S AUCTION HOUSE - LOBBY - MORNING

Busted. **DANNY McNAMARA** (30s), is replaying the iconic scene from his favorite movie. Dressed like a professor (rumpled tweed jacket, loose tie) Danny sticks out among the tailored suits and designer dresses--

DANNY

Is this the real thing?

YOSHI, a Sotheby's manager, shakes his head, amused despite himself. They're friends. Taking the idol from him--

YOSHI

It's the real, fake movie prop, yes.

Yoshi puts it back, dusts off the fingerprints--

NEW YORK CITY

A SIGN explains these are FAMOUS MOVIE PROPS up for auction.

DANNY

Indiana Jones is one of the reasons
I do what I do...

(beat)

How do you not just play with this
stuff all day?

YOSHI

I'm an adult?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Neither Yoshi nor the well-heeled people mingling nearby share Danny's childlike exuberance for the items on display.

Yoshi dusts the glass case. They walk and talk, through the modern, high-ceiling space, past racks of priceless wine, a Rodan, a vintage Aston-Martin and other treasures.

YOSHI (CONT'D)
I'm kind of busy, so...

DANNY
No problem. Just came to take the Vermeer
and then I'll be out of your way.

Danny points to an old master painting. This conversation isn't new to Yoshi. He sighs--

YOSHI
Sotheby's isn't in the business of giving away priceless art.

DANNY
You won't be "giving it away."
You'll be *giving it back* to its rightful owner, my client.

YOSHI
We have provenance on the painting going back over seventy years--

Danny shows him a black and white PHOTOGRAPH.

DANNY
I have a photo of my client *with* the painting.

YOSHI
You have a photo of a little girl--*who could be anyone*--sitting in front of what *may or may not* be our painting.

We can see the switch flip in Danny. *No more Mister Nice Guy.*

DANNY
This photo, unlike the rest of my client's family, is all that made it out of Auschwitz.
(nothing from Yoshi, so)
Okay, fine. Let's do this.

As Danny pulls a GIANT file from his shoulder bag--

DANNY (CONT'D)
See, the Nazis weren't just murderers, they were murderers who kept meticulous records.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny flips through thousands of entries, anger increasing--

DANNY (CONT'D)

These are manifests for art seized by Hitler's treasure hunters in the E.R.R.

(pointing)

Here's an entry for the painting as well as the family name: Hoffman. The painting is transferred to the *Jeu de Paume* in Paris where it is received by Hermann Göring, second in command of the Third Reich and a noted art collector--or more accurately: *art thief*--

YOSHI

Okay, okay--I want to help, Danny. But this is a Vermeer. It'll sell at auction for twenty, maybe thirty million.

(then)

Perhaps we can do it for significantly less. Maybe fifteen?

DANNY

My client is an eighty-eight year-old woman living in Queens. Fifteen million is out of her price range... *for a painting that was stolen from her murdered family.*

(then)

The law is on my side.

YOSHI

Your client is eighty-eight. *Time* is on our side.

From behind them, **JACOB "JAY" WHITMAN REECE** (70s, but more vital than men half his age), steps up--

REECE

Sorry to interrupt, Yoshi.

Reece is the scion of a famous (and famously rich) family of philanthropists and art patrons. Most of the heads in the lobby turn, noticing him.

Yoshi is instantly deferential--

YOSHI

Mr. Reece. I had no idea you were visiting us today.

Reece has a casualness that comes from always being the Alpha Male in the room. Pointing to Danny--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REECE
I'm here for *him*.
(to Danny)
I need to talk to you, kid.

Unlike Yoshi, Danny isn't wowed by Reece, clearly the two of them have a much deeper relationship.

DANNY
Just need a minute.
(then)
Yoshi, "I feel the good in you,
the conflict."

YOSHI
Dude, I can't just give away a
Vermeer for nothing.

Reece sees the painting on display, puts it together--

REECE
Yoshi, you're gonna give Danny the
painting--for free.
(before Yoshi can protest)
In return, pick any two paintings--the
ones you're most worried about getting
a good price for--and I'll exhibit them
in my museum for, say, six months.
(adding)
They'll double in value and you'll make
a nice profit...with none of the bad
P.R. that comes from his client's
lawsuit--which I'll pay for.
(finally)
What do ya say, we got a deal?

Yoshi thinks, then nods--

YOSHI
This is very generous of you, Mr. Reece.
Let me talk to my boss. I'm sure we can
find a way to accommodate you.

DANNY
Thank you, Yoshi. And thank you, Jay.

REECE
No problem, you can thank me on the
way to the airport.

DANNY
Airport? Where are we going?

REECE
Hopefully you'll tell *me* that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reece nods to the elevators, explaining--

REECE (CONT'D)
Come on, I'm parked on the roof.

INT. REECE'S HELICOPTER - DAY

Racing over Manhattan. Danny is white-knuckling it--

REECE
You okay?
(remembering)
Right, sorry. Forgot about you and
helicopters. It's a quick flight, promise.

DANNY
I've got a class to teach in two hours.

REECE
You're gonna need to cancel that.

Reece nods at TV, tuned to CNN playing footage of the Pyramid in ruins--*a candle-light vigil of thousands surrounds them.*

REECE (CONT'D)
I need your help to get to the bottom of
what happened in Egypt.

DANNY
I'm pretty sure every major
intelligence agency in the world
has it covered.

REECE
They're looking at it in the wrong
way. It wasn't just a terrorist
attack, there was treasure in there.

DANNY
(huh?)
The pyramids are empty.

REECE
(shaking his head)
I funded the Expedition. Ana
Castillo was there.

Danny freezes. *That name means a lot to him.* Reece explains--

REECE (CONT'D)
She found them, Danny. Antony and
Cleopatra. After all these years,
she found them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
Hold on...Doctor Castillo found Antony
and Cleopatra...in the pyramids?

Reece nods, smiling...then the smile falls.

REECE
I got a text confirming it, right
before the attack. Whoever did it
must've been following her.

Danny tries to take it all in--the excitement of the find
mixing with the tragedy of what it means for Castillo.

REECE (CONT'D)
The first responders found a dozen
bodies...but not her. She's been
taken. Along with the treasure.

DANNY
Jay...I want to help, but I'm not
that guy anymore. Doctor Castillo's
an American citizen, the FBI can
help get her back.

REECE
Only way to find Ana is to follow
the treasure to the bad guys. Your
specialty. Same way you tracked
down Farouk.

DANNY
Farouk didn't exactly end well...

Reece can see Danny's confidence isn't what it used to be.

REECE
Danny, right now, nobody cares
about a missing archeologist. It's
up to us to save her.
(then)
You'll have every dollar and
contact of mine at your disposal.
The clock is ticking...

Danny looks out over NEW YORK CITY below, thinking. Finally--

DANNY
Okay...but I can't do it alone. Can you
call in some favors to pull a passport?

REECE
Whatever you need. Give me a name.

DANNY
Lexi Vaziri.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REECE
(beat)
Tell me you're joking.

DANNY
I wish I was.

A beat, then Reece pulls out his phone. Types a text, SENDS.

REECE
Okay, my guys are working on it...
(then)
Against my own better instincts.

DANNY
...I need her.

REECE
That's honest, at least.

DANNY
I need her help. She's a means to
an end.

REECE
She's a thief and a con artist.

DANNY
Which is exactly the kind of person I
need right now. Between the two of us
we can access every corner of the
antiquities trade--and much faster than
I can alone.

A beat as he considers him, then, answering his PHONE--

REECE (INTO PHONE)
You find her? Good...Where?
(rolling his eyes)
Of course.

EXT. TETERBORO AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

The Gulfstream idling on the tarmac almost glows in the
afternoon sun. Reece's helo glides in just off its port side--

INT. REECE'S HELICOPTER - SAME

As Danny looks out at the jet--

DANNY
You're letting me borrow your jet?

REECE
Well, one of my jets...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pointing to a new set of LUGGAGE stowed beside Danny--

REECE (CONT'D)

I had my guys pack for you. Did the best they could with what you had.

DANNY

Thanks? How'd they get into my apartment?

REECE

Your security system sucks.

(handing him an envelope)

Petty cash. Call me when you land. And for God's sake, keep your head on straight.

DANNY

Jay, I know what I'm doing.

REECE

Danny...when you look at me I'm sure you see a rich old guy in a nice suit, but I was once a rich young guy in a nice suit. I remember what it was like...that girl you can't be with, and you can't stay away from...

(then)

Kid, I know you love to save beautiful, broken things--

DANNY

--I appreciate you trying to look out for me. But I got this.

Gathering his bags, Danny jumps out of the helo. Reece watches as he ascends the stairs to the jet--

INT. CASINO - BACCARAT TABLE - NIGHT

LEXI VAZIRI (Egyptian-descent, late 20s), a force of nature in the packaging of a Socialite, sits in a skin-tight cocktail dress next to a wealthy, tuxedo'd **BARON** (40s).

THE FRENCH RIVIERA

She speaks with an impeccable British accent as she flirts with him. In the middle of a conversation--

BARON

What a coincidence, I went to Briarcliff. Our rowing club crushed you every year at the Regatta.

LEXI

You cheated every year. Half your team was on steroids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARON

Perhaps we should go someplace more
private and settle this school
rivalry once and for all?

LEXI

How about your suite?

BARON

Perfect. Just let me cash out.
(winks)
Don't go anywhere.

Baron heads to the cashier, trailed by his SECURITY TEAM.

DANNY (O.S.)

I've never understood this game.

Lexi turns, shocked to see Danny suddenly next to her
(getting stares for his rumpled sport-coat and jeans).

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's confusing, right? Seems like
they're just making up rules as
they go.

They maintain a smiling facade, just two strangers talking,
the emotion of their reunion just below the surface.

LEXI

How did you find me? Are you
stalking me?

DANNY

No. I tracked your passport to
France. A Credit Card hit on one of
your aliases pointed me here.

(then)

Okay, that sounds like I was
stalking you. But I need your help.
Can we get out of here?

LEXI

I'm in the middle of something.

DANNY

My thing is more important.

LEXI

Good ol' Danny McNamara, always
knowing what the right thing to do
is. Everyone else be damned.

Lexi sees the Baron heading back, stands--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI (CONT'D)
I told you, I never want to see you again.

Rejoining the Baron, they exit arm-in-arm, Security in tow.
As Danny looks on...

INT. HOTEL PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Kissing, they tumble into the palatial suite. He loosens his bow tie as Lexi kicks off her heels, pours them champagne.

click! The Baron takes a gulp. Then he unzips her dress.

He gets to the bottom of the dress, and *thud!* hits the carpet, unconscious. Lexi drugged him.

Re-zipping her dress, she goes to The Baron's wall safe--
locked out by high level security requiring a retinal scan.

She pulls a tool from her garter belt, returns to the Baron, drags him into the bedroom, leans him up against the bed--

LEXI
All things considered, you deserve
much worse...

Holding the tool to his eye--*beep!*--it takes a scan. The Baron flops to the floor.

AT THE SAFE--

bing! the device fools the retinal scan. *click!* The safe opens, revealing--

VERY sparkly jewelry...but instead of grabbing it, Lexi pushes it aside, reaching deeper into the safe for--

A TINY SD CARD.

She inserts it into her phone, activates it. ON THE SCREEN:
BITCOIN AVAILABLE = 4.48 MILLION EURO.

LEXI (CONT'D)
...But I'll settle for this.

She enters an account number in a banking app: TRANSFERRING.

Suddenly, the door to the suite OPENS.

VOICE (O.S.)
Surprise, Rinaldo! I know you said
you were working all weekend, but I
couldn't wait.

Lexi steps into the living room where a **CORSICAN BEAUTY** stands in a fur coat and heels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORSICAN BEAUTY
Who are you?!

LEXI
I'm his mistress.

The Corsican Beauty opens her fur coat revealing lingerie underneath. Throwing her purse at Lexi--

CORSICAN BEAUTY
I am his mistress!

*The Beauty sees the Baron face down on the floor. *SCREAMS!**

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SAME

The Baron's Security Team, stationed in the hallway, hear the scream and spring into action, racing for--

INT. HOTEL PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Caught red-handed, Lexi weighs her options: *fight, or go out the window into the pouring rain*. She picks the latter.

Lexi sprints out, landing, cat-like, on the roof below. Security is in hot pursuit, leaving the Mistress behind as--

EXT. ROOFTOPS OF THE FRENCH RIVIERA - SAME

Lexi darts across the slick tiles, *leaps between rooftops--a jump too far for any of the stocky guards to follow.*

Lexi drops into a nearby alley. She's home free, until--

NEE-eu NEE-eu! A pair of POLICE CARS block her path. FRENCH POLICE jump out, pistols drawn. *Lexi puts her hands up.*

INT. FRENCH POLICE CAR - LATER

Lexi, handcuffed in the back, wonders what to do now--when the front passenger door opens. It's Danny.

DANNY
So where were we...?

Lexi looks away, out the window.

LEXI
I made myself pretty clear.

DANNY
I thought getting arrested might have changed your mind.

LEXI
It didn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
You've been watching the news? Egypt?

Lexi can't even hide how upsetting it is.

LEXI
...Yeah. Made me sick to my stomach.

DANNY
It wasn't just terrorism. It was an
art heist.
(then)
The tomb of Antony and Cleopatra
was in there.

LEXI
Bullshit. The pyramids are two-
thousand years older than them.

DANNY
My old Professor was the one who
found it...and she was taken.

LEXI
My father always said it was cursed.

DANNY
I didn't think you were superstitious.

LEXI
All I know is that no one who's
ever gone looking for that tomb has
come back alive. I hope you find
her, Danny. Good luck.
(shouting to the cops)
Prison, S'il vous plaît!

DANNY
If that's how you want it, fine.

Danny gets out of the car as the cops get in. They start the car. Danny walks away, then, turning back to the cops--

DANNY (CONT'D)
One more second--

He opens the door and looks in--

DANNY (CONT'D)
Okay, don't do it for me.
(then)
Do it to help me catch the bastards who
destroyed the symbol of your country...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI
(considering)
You can really get me out of this?

DANNY
The Minister of the Interior owes
me a favor.

LEXI
And you mentioned something about a
finder's fee?

DANNY
Don't believe I did.

LEXI
The tomb of Antony and Cleopatra would
be one of the biggest finds in history.
I think my efforts are worth at least a
million Euro. For you, a million-five.

DANNY
I'm sure we can figure something out.

LEXI
...I heard through the grapevine that
some Egyptian antiquities are going on
sale tomorrow night in Rome.
(then)
Don't know where or when but you can tag
along, assuming you don't slow me down.

DANNY
Deal.

Danny produces the keys to the cuffs--

DANNY (CONT'D)
How exactly were you planning on getting
to Rome while locked behind bars?

Lexi smiles, hands the cuffs back to him--*already off her wrists. She broke herself out of them.* Exiting the car--

LEXI
I wasn't too worried about it.

Walking away, she looks over her shoulder at Danny.

LEXI (CONT'D)
What did I say about not slowing me down?

Off Danny, knowing he's got a tiger by the tail.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A modern but unpretentious gallery, packed with Middle-Eastern artifacts. In the middle of it all, fingering Egyptian prayer beads is RENNI VAZIRI, Lexi's father.

RENNI

I don't know... this is risky... I want to help, but I'm concerned for my family's safety.

We see he is talking to Danny and Lexi.

CAIRO, EGYPT
Two years Ago

DANNY

Farouk will never know you tipped the FBI off. And I'll personally make sure that whatever prison he goes to, he never comes back.

Needing to think, Renni walks over to a glass case, adjusting a papyrus scroll. Lexi goes over to him.

LEXI

Dad...you always told me "The conduct of each of us creates the fate of all of us."

RENNI

(only half-joking)

Since when did you listen to anything I say?

LEXI

Farouk's killed a lot of people. If we can stop him from killing any more we've got to try.

RENNI

I don't trust the Government to do the right thing by us.

LEXI

I don't either. But I trust Danny.

That actually means a lot to him. He makes the decision--

RENNI

Okay, I'll do it.

Danny smiles at Lexi, well done. Lexi gives him a wink: you're welcome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches down beside the two of them, and-without Renni seeing--takes her hand. Danny gives it a squeeze as--

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAWN

Danny leads Lexi aboard. As she's handed a glass of champagne by the FLIGHT ATTENDANT, takes in the well-appointed cabin--

LEXI

I heard you became a Professor...

All business, Danny passes on champagne. He sits--

DANNY

Now who's stalking who?

LEXI

It's a small world.

DANNY

I teach International Law at Columbia. The rest of the time I do *pro bono* legal work.

The Flight Attendant CLOSES and LATCHES the door. Lexi sits, facing him, arching an eyebrow--

LEXI

So if you're not working for the government--and poor--who's footing the bill for all this?

DANNY

Jay Reece. He was funding Doctor Castillo's Expedition.

LEXI

Protecting his investment. Got it.

DANNY

We're trying to save Doctor Castillo's life.

LEXI

He's trying to save the treasure he spent a fortune to find. Don't kid yourself. I know these guys.

DANNY

Reece wrote a check to put me through grad school five minutes after meeting me. You don't know him.

Danny buckles himself in, tightly. Lexi doesn't, takes out a cell phone, pulls up a PHOTO of Doctor Castillo--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

She's pretty hot. Maybe he's boning her.

Danny sees the picture, then the phone she's holding. He quickly pats his pocket, *his phone is gone*.

DANNY

Hey! When did you get that?!

(then)

How did you unlock it?

Lexi holds up a small black thumb-drive that plugs into his phone's power jack.

LEXI

A helpful little tool I picked up in Hong Kong.

Danny grabs his phone, sits back down and buckles in--

DANNY

No one's boning anyone. Is it so difficult for you to imagine that sometimes people do good things?

LEXI

...Does Reece call her "Doctor Castillo" or "Ana"?

(off his silence)

Mmhmm.

DANNY

That doesn't prove anything.

LEXI

Old people need love, too, Danny.

DANNY

They're more like my parents than my actual parents. I just don't want to picture them that way, okay?

LEXI

Jesus, you haven't changed at all.

DANNY

What's that supposed to mean?

LEXI

When we started hooking up the whole Boy Scout thing was kind of cute. But after awhile it becomes like staring into the sun for too long.

Danny and Lexi both look away from each other, out their window. As the ENGINES FIRE UP. The plane heads for--

EST. ROME - EARLY MORNING

Flying over the Colosseum, The Pantheon, and the Vatican to--

EXT./INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - ROME

Lexi takes Danny to a lavish penthouse apartment overlooking the Tiber--a setting straight out of *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

ROME, ITALY

DANNY

Are you ever gonna tell me the plan?

LEXI

The less you know, the better for both of us.

DANNY

Can you at least tell me whose apartment this is?

LEXI

My boyfriend's.

She's happy to register a hint of jealousy as Danny steps in.

LEXI (CONT'D)

He's away on business. I need to borrow something. Or, more accurately, you do.

(looking him over)

You two are almost a perfect match, size-wise.

DANNY

And that matters because...?

As she heads for the bedroom closet--

LEXI

You need a suit.

DANNY

I don't see what's wrong with the one I'm wearing...

LEXI

Exactly the problem.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - WALK-IN CLOSET

Bigger than most apartments. Everything perfectly in its place, from Tom Ford suits to Breitling watches. She's putting an outfit together on the valet as she explains--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Rich people dress in a way that signals to other rich people, but doesn't necessarily give it away to the rest of the rabble. It's why the four-hundred-dollar t-shirt exists.

(adding)

You dress like a poor kid trying to look like a rich kid.

Danny looks down at his clothes, suddenly self-conscious--

DANNY

What's the deal with everybody knocking my wardrobe today?

LEXI

Where we're going you'll stick out like a sore thumb...and that will get us killed. Try this on.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Danny comes out, dashing in his new (borrowed) suit. As Lexi straightens his tie--

LEXI

That's more like it.

DANNY

I'm not going out in a stolen suit.

LEXI

It's not--

Danny silences her by holding up a framed photo--

DANNY

Found this in the bedroom.

The PHOTO is a sexy shot of a woman who is *clearly not* Lexi.

LEXI

...We have an open relationship.

DANNY

He's with the same woman in every picture, and you're the jealous type.

LEXI

Fine. He's an ex. And a jackass.

(then)

He won't miss one suit, and we don't have time to buy one and get it properly tailored for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny reaches into the pants pocket of his old suit, pulls out some Euros, puts them on the coffee table.

DANNY

There. Now it's not stolen.

LEXI

Honey, that wouldn't pay for the socks.

Pulling out a giant wad of cash, swapping it for Danny's "change." She hands him back his Euros--

LEXI (CONT'D)

I'll add it to my fee.

DANNY

And the key to his apartment?

She slaps the key down--

LEXI

Can we go now?

DANNY

Just so we're clear: I'm not a Get-Out-of-Jail-Free card. You break the law, and I won't protect you.

LEXI

I've never needed a man to protect me.

She pushes past him to leave, leaving Danny to follow as--

INT. MUSEO NATIONALE - MORNING

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR **ELIO FABI** (30s), a member of the Carabinieri's (Italian Police) Elite "Art Squad" walks with purpose through the empty exhibit halls.

Balancing two to-go cups of espresso on top of his police-issue tablet, he ducks under POLICE TAPE.

Among a group of INTERPOL INVESTIGATORS, **AGENT GWEN LARSSON** (Swedish. Blonde. 30s), stares into one of several open crates. Fabi passes over an espresso--

FABI

Good morning, Gwen.

She downs it in one gulp, hands the cup back--

FABI (CONT'D)

You know you're supposed to sip that, right?

Gwen pulls out a broken pot, throws it to the floor

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMASH! Carabinieri instantly turn. She waves them all off--

GWEN

They're fakes. If it was two-thousand years old, when I smashed it, it would have turned to powder... The Aluzzo Mafia swapped the real ones for fakes, likely when they arrived at the airport.

FABI

(impressed)

You can prove that?

GWEN

Not yet, but trafficking blood antiquities has become one of their top sources of income and they've been muscling in on the cargo business at Fiumicino.

(beat)

In between the plane and customs, they swap the real artifacts for the shattered fakes, explain they were "damaged in transit." The Museum gets the insurance, the Mafia gets the real treasure to sell.

FABI

It would have been the perfect crime, if it wasn't for Interpol's Gwen Larsson.

GWEN

Are you mocking me?

FABI

No, buttering you up. I agree with you, and I've got a theory...

(then)

A dozen dealers--all known to have trafficked in blood antiquities--happen to have just flown into town.

(finally)

There's an underground bazaar going on somewhere in Rome tonight. That's why the rash of thefts in the last 48 hours, everybody is loading up on inventory to sell.

GWEN

Okay, sounds reasonable...why would you need to butter me up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FABI

Because I think your old boyfriend
Danny McNamara is involved.

She looks up at him sharply--

GWEN

First off, Danny and I were never
more than colleagues. Second, that's
absurd. Danny is the most ethical
and moral person I've ever met.

FABI

Maybe before all that Farouk business...
Check this out.

Handing her his tablet. ON IT: the INTERPOL RECORD of Lexi.
As Gwen scrolls through A PAGE OF CRIMINAL ACTIVITY.

FABI (CONT'D)

Lexi Vaziri, professional criminal.
Yesterday a friend of mine in Nice
had her in custody. McNamara swept in
and pulled some strings to save her.

GWEN

And what exactly put her on your radar?

Fabi taps the tablet. LIVE VIDEO from A SURVEILLANCE FEED
shows LEXI AND DANNY walking into a tiny restaurant.

FABI

This is from a surveillance team near
Trevi Fountain. *That restaurant is owned
by Carlo Saviano.*

(then)

What's the most ethical and moral guy
you've ever met doing fraternizing with
a known-member of the Aluzzo Mafia?
I'm telling you, whatever's going
on tonight, he's a part of it.

Fabi takes a sip of espresso as Gwen suddenly has to
reconsider Danny. Off the VIDEO of Danny and Lexi going into--

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Danny and Lexi stand in a dingy tourist trap. Danny steps up
to the **OLD WOMAN** behind the counter with confidence--

DANNY

Excuse me, ma'am. We're looking for Carlo--

The Woman ***knocks!*** on the counter and suddenly two **TOUGH
GUYS** enter--pistols visible in their waistbands. Lexi steps
forward, to Danny--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Why don't you hang back this time.
(subtitled, in Italian)
We need to see *The Bull*.

The woman eyes them both, looking them up and down, then--

OLD WOMAN

Wait here.

The Bull, **CARLO SAVIANO** (50s) appears from the kitchen. He scrutinizes Lexi as she approaches--

LEXI

You seem like a busy man, so I'll get right to the point: we want into the Bazaar tonight.

CARLO

I have no idea what you're talking about.

LEXI

*High-end black market antiquities.
You're hosting it.*

Carlo mutters to the Old Woman who shoos out the tourists, locks the door, and flips the sign from "aperto" to "chiuso."

Danny clocks the Tough Guys as they unbutton their jackets to access their pistols. Lexi looks to Danny: *Trust me.*

CARLO

Normally I'd have shot you already,
but Mama, says I need to work on my
English. So...

One Tough Guy pats down Lexi and Danny, as the other keeps his hand on his pistol, ready for action.

Carlo sits at the table. Nodding to the Old Woman--

CARLO (CONT'D)

Mama thinks your friend's an
Interpol agent.

Lexi breaks out into loud laughter--

LEXI

You're kidding me, right? He's my
boy-toy. I literally had to pay for
that suit--

DANNY

--I tried to pay for the suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD WOMAN

I know a *stronzino* cop when I see one.

CARLO

Can't be too cautious these days, the authorities have been all over us.

(then)

I'm going to need proof that you're not working with them.

LEXI

You want to know about me? You can ask your daughter, Sophia.

CARLO

Excuse me?

Danny is fighting the urge to jump in as one of the Tough Guys pulls his Beretta. Lexi calms Danny with a look as--

LEXI

Your daughter is a *friend*. I know you haven't spoken in a long time. You tell me what I want to know and I can help smooth things over between you two.

Transforming from tough mobster to hurt father, Carlo's tone is suddenly sad, wistful--

CARLO

I heard she has a little boy now.

LEXI

Niko. He's got his grandfather's eyes.

Off Carlo, considering the offer--

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Danny and Lexi exit, weaving through the throngs of tourists at Trevi Fountain as the sun begins to set--

LEXI

Appreciate you keeping your cool back there.

DANNY

Wouldn't have minded a heads up that we were meeting with the Mafia. I've got a friend in Interpol who could've helped.

LEXI

Great idea. Until your friend tips off the Aluzzos. Then--no more black market bazaar. Antony and Cleopatra disappear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI (CONT'D)
You lose Castillo, and I lose my
finder's fee.

DANNY
Gwen would never do that.

LEXI
All it takes is one bad apple, and
I don't know Gwen.

DANNY
You don't know Carlo Saviano, either.
We could disappear from this thing and
no one would ever find our bodies.
(then)
How do you know his daughter?

LEXI
I met her in rehab.

She doesn't say anymore. As they walk away--

One **TOURIST**, adjusts the zoom on his SLR to shoot photos of
them instead of the fountain. As he turns to follow, we see
he's got an earpiece. *Not a tourist after all...*

The man falls into step behind Danny and Lexi, keeping pace.

INT. ND SPACE

A HOOD is PULLED OFF revealing a *very scared* Doctor Castillo.

A STARK WHITE LIGHT fills her BLURRY POV then a man's head.
Back lit, his features impossible to make out, only his voice
is recognizable as her kidnapper, the "Leader."

LEADER
Where is Cleopatra, Doctor Castillo?

CASTILLO
She was gone when we got there. She
may have been moved years ago.

LEADER
Then you will help me find her.
(then)
She is going to be reunited with Antony.
And her curse will be fulfilled.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

The store has been turned into a make-shift OPS CENTER. PELICAN CASES full of EQUIPMENT on a large table. Renni is on the phone in his office, speaking in Arabic.

*Danny and Lexi listen, along with a few **FBI AGENTS** and **ALVAREZ** (40s). Alvarez gives Renni the signal: Keep talking.*

*ON SCREEN: A map of northwest India. **TRACKING CALL**. Centering in on the Punjab region, near the border. ***PING!****

ALVAREZ
Farouk's location is confirmed.

DANNY
*Tell HRT they're a go.
(whispers to Renni)
Keep talking...*

*An **FBI** agent gives a series of orders over the comms, then--*

FBI AGENT
Thirty-seconds to target.

Danny explains to Lexi--

DANNY
*A Blackhawk full of **FBI** agents is on its way. They'll stop the car with a bullet through the engine block, then our team fast ropes down, secures Farouk.*

FBI AGENT
Danny... Farouk just crossed over the border into Pakistan.

Shit. Alvarez stands, confused--

ALVAREZ
What's the problem? Let's grab him.

DANNY
We have no jurisdictional agreement with Pakistan. Entering illegally is an act of war.

Alvarez looks at the map, then back to Danny--

ALVAREZ
If you won't do it I can. He's an authorized CIA target. I've got a drone ninety seconds away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny shakes his head, struggling with it. Points--

DANNY

*They're driving through a market
full of innocent people. We can't
risk it.*

ALVAREZ

*Collateral will be minimal. Let's
just end this guy once and for all.*

DANNY

*CIA has its way of doing thing, FBI
has a different way. And I'm
running the Op.*

LEXI

You're letting him get away?

DANNY

*No...we'll follow him till he
recrosses into India.*

(then)

*It's not just about one guy it's about
the whole organization. We capture
him, can unravel the whole group.*

FBI AGENT

*Cloud cover over the target...
we're losing our sat feed--*

ALVAREZ
I hope you're right, for their sake.

DANNY

(to Lexi)

*We'll find him again. We know more
now than we did before.*

RENNI

I think Farouk suspected something.

DANNY

*We'll move you to the States for your
safety until we can finish this.*

(then, reassuring Lexi)

We're gonna get this guy.

EXT. GELATO SHOP - EVENING

Lexi casually snacks on some Stracciatella as Danny paces--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Are you at all concerned that we
don't know anything about what
we're walking into?

LEXI

We know exactly what we're walking
into: a black market bazaar thrown
by dangerous criminals, attended by
unscrupulous and greedy people.

DANNY

So, for you, just another Saturday
night?

That's when Carlo (now in a tux), ambles up--

LEXI

I thought we came to the wrong place.

CARLO

The police are all over me. We're
taking the long way.

Carlo nods for them to follow him. As they head into the
Gelato shop, the Tourist watches from down the street.

INT. GELATO SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Danny and Lexi follow Carlo through a door that says: **VIETATO
L'INGRESSO** ("Do Not Enter").

Danny and Lexi share one last look...then follow Carlo down a
rickety flight of stairs and into darkness.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

As the Tourist enters a modest Italian apartment--

TOURIST

Saviano led them through a back
way. I couldn't follow.

--Full of surveillance equipment. Gwen and Fabi turn from
looking out the window on the piazza below. It's a stake-out.
The Tourist is actually a fellow Interpol Agent, **ALONSO**.

GWEN

Did they seem like they were under duress?

ALONSO

Seemed like they were working with him.

Fabi barely hides how pleased he is to be right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN
Shut up, Fabi.
(thinking, then)
I'm calling the Director.

INT. ANTEROOM - SAME

Danny and Lexi are led in. A pair of HEAVILY ARMED MEN--
squeezed into Armani suits like sausages--stand guard.

CARLO
We're only here as hosts. Any problems
you have with a seller are *your*
problem. Unless it gets in the way of
business...then it becomes *my* problem.
(adding)
Don't become *my* problem.

Danny nods as Lexi pulls off her coat, revealing her dress--
--all the men stop, mouths agape. Lexi is stunning.

As a Guard takes her coat, gives them the all-clear, Carlo
holds back Danny, ushers Lexi in front of him. *Ladies first.*

Lexi knows it's so he can watch her walking away. She plays
along, throws a sexy come-hither look over her shoulder at
Danny--*coming with me?*

Carlo and the other fellas look at Danny--*lucky guy.*

INT. ANCIENT CATACOMBS - SAME

Carved out of rock, the large open room was once a massive
mausoleum. Now, dressed up with fancy lighting, soft music
and passed canapés--it hosts a lavish function.

As they walk in, Lexi grabs champagne off a tray while Danny
marvels at *the trove of treasures long thought to be lost.*

DANNY
"Rue de Village" by Pissarro. It
disappeared in 1938. That statue from
the 13th Century was stolen from the
Temple complex in Jajpur...

LEXI
Art is just a more expensive version
of a four-hundred-dollar t-shirt.

DANNY
C'mon...you hold one of those Spartan
shields and you're back in a time of
demigods and epic battles. You look at
that Van Gogh and you're seeing the
universe through the eyes of a mad genius.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Maybe for you but not for these people.
(off his look)

I know them. They'd come from all over the world to my Father's shop. He was like you, every piece had its own history--he had the same light in his eyes when he talked about it. But all they cared about was which house something would go in, how the color would match the--wow...

They both see it at the same time.

DANNY

Exactly...

EGYPTIAN TREASURE gleams under the lights. Golden deities, stone tablets with hieroglyphics, everything from the tomb that could be easily moved.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Based on what they found with King Tut, if the tomb was intact there should be a lot more...

LEXI

Yeah, like where are Antony and Cleopatra?

With the treasure: **AIDEN SHAW** (40s). Tattoos peek out from his Saville Row suit. Next to him, **PRIVATE SECURITY**.

DANNY

That's Aiden Shaw. I've seen his file: arms dealer--very scary reputation.

LEXI

These days, the treasure business can be as lucrative as selling guns. Looks like he's diversified.

DANNY

Yeah, but he's just a middle man. No way he was able to pull off the attack at the pyramid.

Lexi hands him the thumb-drive she used to access his phone.

LEXI

So let's find out who hired him. Give me a bump into him, I'll get his phone to you...you use this to pull the data. I'll make sure that he never even knows the phone was gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

So your plan is...assault, theft, and illegal search and seizure?

LEXI

(a spark of anger)

You want to find your friend Castillo dead?

(beat)

Then follow my lead. Wait till he gets the phone out--

DANNY

But what do I--

Before Danny can even ask she goes over to Shaw. Danny tries to look busy nearby. He couldn't be more uncomfortable.

LEXI

Your Egyptian collection is amazing. Late Ptolemaic-era?

SHAW

(nods, re: her)

It's not the only amazing thing here tonight.

(then)

Aiden Shaw.

Taking his hand--

LEXI

A pleasure. I'm redecorating the main hall at my villa. Would love to find a statement piece...

SHAW

These are from a recently unearthed tomb.

(looks around furtively)

Ever heard of Antony and Cleopatra?

Lexi notes a gold plate with a painted visage of Cleopatra, Anthony...and *lots of death and destruction*.

LEXI

I'm looking for something a little more elegant a little less "cursed."

SHAW

I'm not the superstitious type but if this isn't your style...

Lexi tries to subtly catch Danny's eye but he is trying to figure out the right way to approach. Finally he moves in--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW (CONT'D)
I do have a few other larger
options that are not on display.

Shaw pulls his phone out, swipes through his "catalog." Lexi waves Danny off. They can't steal his phone if Shaw is on it.

SHAW (CONT'D)
The collection is extensive, let me know
when something catches your fancy.

LEXI
On second thought...maybe I will go
with one of these smaller figurines.
(flirting)
"Antony and Cleopatra" says
"Bedroom" doesn't it?

SHAW
Exactly what I've been thinking...

Shaw puts his phone back in his pocket as someone bumps into Lexi, knocking her into Shaw. They both turn to see--

Danny...having spilled his drink down the back of Lexi's dress. Handkerchief out, he's patting her down--

DANNY
I'm so sorry. An honest mistake, I
was distracted by the Chagall--

She takes the handkerchief from him, dabs herself--

LEXI
You've done quite enough, thank you.

Lexi hands the handkerchief back to him. Danny walks away--in the handkerchief: Shaw's phone. Plugging in Lexi's thumb-drive, Danny unlocks the phone.

LEXI (CONT'D)
Ugh...I'm drenched!

SHAW
Let me help you with that...

Shaw uses a towel to wipe her down. Lexi smiles, calms as--

LEXI
Where were we...

SHAW
Getting to know each other. In
fact, I have a question for you.

Shaw pulls her close and is suddenly very serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW (CONT'D)
Who are you working for?

He's got a Walther PPK pointed right at her stomach--

SHAW (CONT'D)
...the way you lifted my phone was
very impressive. However, your
partner is an amateur at best.

LEXI
(busted)
Yeah, he's new to it. How'd you get
a gun in here?

SHAW
That really is not what you should
be worried about right now.

WITH DANNY--

ON SHAW'S PHONE: calls to and from the same number since
after the pyramids attack. *Bingo*. He looks up to signal Lexi--
sees Shaw's pistol pushing into Lexi's stomach. *Crap*.

BACK WITH LEXI--

SHAW (CONT'D)
Now...you and I are very quietly going
to go someplace private to talk.
(to his Private Security)
Pack it up, we're leaving.

The Private Security pulls out pelican cases and packs up the
Egyptian Antiquities. As he heads out--

The doors ***SLAM!*** open! THE CARABINIERI SPILL IN with a
handful of INTERPOL AGENTS. Leading the charge, Gwen and Fabi-
-in Kevlar vests, toting shotguns--

GWEN
Nobody move! This is a raid!

The Private Security disappears with Shaw's antiquities as
everyone scatters. Shaw drags Lexi away as Danny gives chase--

CRASH! Shaw smashes a crate of vodka between them, tosses
his lighter and ***FOOM!*** a wall of flames erupts in front of
him stopping Danny as Shaw drags Lexi out of the catacombs.

Danny is now caught in a shoot-out between the mobsters and
the Carabinieri.

His exit is blocked by Gwen. Before she sees him, he takes
cover behind an overturned table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAM!--a blast from Gwen's shotgun knocks one of the Aluzzos into a podium holding an Etruscan vase from 600 BC. Danny watches the priceless treasure wobble, tipping over--

Danny dives under the podium just as it falls, catching the vase. He sets it down as he sees the Spartan Shield.

SMASH! Danny shatters its glass case, pulls it out and ***plink plink plink plink!*** deflects bullets as he runs through the gunfire and out of the catacombs.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Shaw drags Lexi--at gunpoint--out to the deserted street.

SHAW

Last time--who are you working for?

VOICE (O.S.)

She works for me!

Shaw turns, sees Danny, who smashes him in the face with the shield, knocking him out.

LEXI

I don't work for you.

DANNY

You're welcome.

LEXI

Took you long enough.

DANNY

It was kind of chaotic in there.

LEXI

Perfect timing for Interpol to show up, don't you think?

DANNY

...I texted Gwen.

LEXI

I knew it! You just couldn't help yourself, you had to call the cops. You disgust me.

DANNY

We're lucky they were close by! You needed the help.

LEXI

I was handling it. Now the mob knows we tipped off the authorities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

I sent the text from Shaw's phone.

Lexi calms, *that was actually a good idea.*

LEXI

Was Gwen the Victoria's Secret model with a shotgun?

Danny nods. *Now who's jealous?*

DANNY

She may have done some modeling to put herself through school.

Lexi picks up a loose cobblestone--***SMASH!***--knocks out the window of an Alfa-Romeo parked in the alley.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Whoa! What the hell--

She pops the trunk, tosses Danny a pair of jumper cables.

LEXI

Tie Shaw up and get him in the trunk while I hot-wire this thing.

DANNY

Grand theft, auto. Kidnapping--

LEXI

Fine. I'm leaving you here to be arrested and detained for days by the cops who could care less about your friend, Castillo.

Not much of a choice, he tosses the shield in the trunk--

DANNY

Fine, but I'm leaving a note for the car...

Lexi shakes her head as the hot-wired engine ***VROOMS!***

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ROMAN RUINS - DAWN

POV from INSIDE A TRUNK as it OPENS. Danny and Lexi look down--

--At Shaw. His six-foot-tall frame tied up and squeezed into the tiny trunk. As the bruise on his face swells--

LEXI

Believe in curses now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

That was a cheap shot. I'd like to speak to my lawyer.

Danny and Lexi stand in a desolate set of ruins.

LEXI

Does this look like a police station?

DANNY

We know you've been in contact with whoever blew up the pyramid. Who is it?

SHAW

I have nothing to say to either of you.

Lexi pulls a concealed knife--

SHAW (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LEXI

I'm going to stick this in your knee, see if that gets you talking.

Danny steps in her way--

DANNY

That's aggravated assault with a deadly weapon. Not to mention anything we get from him--*under duress*--is inadmissible in court.

Lexi's anger rising--this is no longer about Shaw--

LEXI

You haven't learned a damned thing since Farouk.

DANNY

Farouk's dead. Can we focus on what's happening right now?

LEXI

I am. You're great at tracking down bad guys but you refuse to do what you have to do to stop them!

They stare at each other for a long moment, both angry.

Then--Shaw tries to escape from the trunk.

DANNY

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lexi runs over, punches him in the face--knocking him back into the trunk. Danny *slams!* it closed.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I won't *become* them to stop *them*.

(then)

If you don't want to help me--
you're free to go.

Danny heads off, stumbling over ancient fallen columns, looking for a cell signal. Finally he gets one. He calls--

DANNY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Lord Gambier...yes, it's Danny McNamara.
Great, thanks. Listen, I need a favor...

A LITTLE LATER--

POV from INSIDE OF THE TRUNK as it OPENS again--

DANNY (CONT'D)

I called the head of the UKSF, who pulled the file for Aiden Shaw. His convoy was hit by a roadside bomb in Tikrit in 2010--on the same day a contractor named Alfie Coleman disappeared.

Danny shows a PHOTO on the phone, of the man in the trunk. Shaw (we'll keep calling him that) turns slightly red.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Looks a lot like you.

(adding)

You stole a dead man's identity, Alfie.

LEXI

So you're a forgery, pretending to be a badass. Suddenly you make a lot more sense.

SHAW

I saw a business opportunity and I made it work. Don't think I'm a badass? Try me.

Lexi's happy to. Danny steps between them--

DANNY

I don't give a damn who you are.

(then)

Is Doctor Castillo alive?

SHAW

I have no idea who that is.

DANNY

Then who hired you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

Never met them. It's been nothing
but texts and wire transfers.

As Lexi spins the knife in her hand--

LEXI

Feel free to tag me in.

SHAW

My partner grabbed the loot. When I
reach out to them with an
authentication code they'll give me
a rendezvous point. If you happen
to show up--*after I get my money*--
it's no skin off my nose.

Danny gives him the phone.

DANNY

Do it.

SHAW

(offended)

This is how I make my living. I
don't ask you to do *whatever it is*
you do for free.

DANNY

How much?

SHAW

Making enemies is expensive. I'll
need a new identity. There's moving
costs. May never see my favorite pub
again, that's hard to put a price on--

LEXI

Please let me stab him--

SHAW

--Let's call it two million.

DANNY

I need to make a phone call. Keep
an eye on him.

SHAW

Don't leave me alone with her!

Danny walks back into the ruins to get reception.

INTERCUT WITH--

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA - NIGHT

A tux-wearing Reece walks past The Lincoln Center Fountain, arm-in-arm with a WOMAN in an evening gown. Reece's phone ***buzzes***. CALLER ID: *Danny*.

REECE
I've got to take this, darling.
I'll meet you at the car.

She nods and smiles as Reece steps away, answers--

REECE (CONT'D)
Where are you?

DANNY
Just outside of Rome. I think we're close to finding Castillo but I need some more money to pay off an arms dealer who's acting as a middle man. He wants two million.

REECE
Do you trust him?

DANNY
Trust? No. But I'm out of options.

REECE
Okay, text the account number. And Danny, when you pin down her location, send it to me and hold your position. I don't want you getting killed trying to be a hero.

DANNY
Will do.

Danny hangs up and walks back to the car--

--Or at least where the car used to be. Now it's just Lexi sitting on a column, looking at her phone--

DANNY (CONT'D)
Okay, I've got the money.
(realizing)
Where is the car?
(then)
Where is Shaw?

LEXI
Oh, I let him go.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Renni in his new SHOP in uptown Manhattan. Danny squeezes past MOVERS bringing in the last CRATES of artifacts.

NEW YORK CITY
Fourteen months ago

DANNY

If anything is missing, let me know.

RENNI

(nods, taking it all in)

So...I'm a New Yorker now.

(trying it on)

"Screw you!"

DANNY

(smiling)

You're a natural.

Renni absently fingers his prayer beads. Finding the words--

RENNI

Thank you, Danny.

DANNY

It's the least we could do.

RENNI

I meant, for what you've done for my daughter...

(then)

Lexi has not always been...easy. She lost her mother when she was nine--I think she has been rebelling against God ever since. Despite the circumstances of how you came into her life ...it has been a very good thing for her.

Danny gives him a look, does he know about them?

RENNI (CONT'D)

Please, give me some credit. I see how she looks at you.

Suddenly awkward, Danny can't help but check the time.

DANNY

...Ooh, I'm late. I gotta run. I'll let you settle in.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)
But don't forget, Yankee game on
Thursday. The Sox are in town.

Renni gives him a warm nod as Danny dashes out. Suddenly alone in the empty shop, Renni sets about unpacking. He moves to a large crate in the corner, as he pries it open, we spy a tangle of wires and C4--triggered by the lid being opened--

EXT. SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

KABOOM! Even halfway down the street the massive EXPLOSION knocks Danny to the ground. SHOUTS and SCREAMS as innocent bystanders are caught in the shrapnel. Ears ringing, Danny pulls himself to his feet. Half the block is in ruins, he runs toward the SMOKE--but there's no way Renni survived.

EXT. ROMAN RUINS - SAME

Direct pick-up, Danny is staring, dumbstruck at the tire tracks in the grass. Can't believe it.

LEXI
Reece agreed to pay that idiot two million?
(shaking her head)
I should have asked for five.

DANNY
You let Shaw go...
(beat)
...And gave him the car.

LEXI
I did do that, yeah.
(then)
But I kept your shield.

Danny has to sit. The air is knocked out of him. *To himself--*

DANNY
You were warned, Danny, don't get involved with her...

LEXI
Which time are we talking about?

The rage returns to his eyes, as he stands--

DANNY
What was this, revenge for Farouk?
For your father?
(adding)
You don't think I've replayed every moment in my head over and over?
(still building)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)
I was certain we'd get Farouk another
way. And I was wrong.
(finally)
A lot of innocent people died--
including your father...and it's all
my fault.

Danny pulls CHARRED PRAYER BEADS from his pocket.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I found these in the debris of the
shop. I've carried them with me
every day since...

For the first time, Lexi can see how tortured Danny is over
what happened. As he tries to hand them over, she stops him.
The anger she feels towards him fades--

LEXI
Danny...keep them.

There's too much to say so she sticks to the facts.

LEXI (CONT'D)
If Shaw got the money we'd never see
him again.
(then)
I told him you worked for the
government and he was gonna go to
prison if he didn't run. I said I'd
stall you for a small cut of his
profits. He's got to get those
Egyptian pieces back to whoever hired
him if he wants to get paid. He'll
lead us right to them.

DANNY
(completely confused)
How?

Holding up the thumb-drive--

LEXI
Fun fact: this little gadget doesn't just
unlock the phone. It replaces his maps
app with an identical program, except
mine has a geo tracker that pings me
every time it changes location.

Holding up her phone--what she's been looking at--a RED DOT
that's moving along a MAP. She points--

LEXI (CONT'D)
He's heading south on *Via del Mare*.
Just giving him enough of a head start
so he doesn't know we're following him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

You knew you were going to do this
when I went to make that call--

LEXI

You don't get a guy like Shaw to do
something by giving him what he
wants. You make him think he's
getting one over on you.

Danny realizes she's done him a huge favor by disobeying him.

LEXI (CONT'D)

This is why you needed me. You knew
I would force you to do whatever it
took to get Castillo back.

(then)

I've gotta say, doesn't feel half
bad to be doing the saving for once.

She hands over her phone to Danny. The BIG RED DOT on the
TRACKER APP takes us to—

EST. SWITZERLAND - DAY

Racing over Mont Blanc, across *Lac Léman* to the end of one of
the runways of the International Airport, landing at a state-
of-the art building behind a phalanx high-tech security--

INT. FREEPORT - LOBBY - DAY

High ceilings and polished Carrara Marble. The waiting area
is tastefully decorated but cold, full of well-dressed
business people. *Basically it's the lobby of CAA, but in--*

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Shaw enters, carrying his cases of treasures. He's met by a
very dapper **GRAHAM TOWNSEND** (40), who could be mistaken for
just another unassuming-but-refined art dealer.

TOWNSEND

Mister Shaw. Very pleased that you
made it, I'm Graham Townsend.

SHAW

My apologies for the complications
in Rome.

Townsend leads Shaw through the lobby toward a set of
security gates, guarded by a trio of GUARDS.

TOWNSEND

A small set-back. My client is just
happy you were able to escape with
all of our merchandise.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

(then)

I've already found another buyer.

He swipes a key-card and, *ding!*, the gates open. They're both waved in by the Guards.

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

If you'll just follow me to the vault.

They disappear deep into this mysterious space to--

INT. FREEPORT VAULT - SAME

The massive vault is as lavishly decorated as the lobby of Sotheby's. A room full of treasure including--

THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ANTONY.

Dr. Castillo, flex-cuffed and exhausted, stands with a group of nasty-looking MERCENARIES. As Townsend leads in Shaw--

TOWNSEND

Mister Shaw, this is Doctor Castillo, our resident Egyptologist. She's going to take a quick look, just to confirm the authenticity.

SHAW

Of course.

TOWNSEND

It'll take only a few moments, then we'll get you paid and on your way.

(then)

In the meantime, please make yourself comfortable, I just opened a fantastic '09 Chateau Margaux...

Shaw settles in, uncomfortable with Townsend's hospitality in the face of this obviously kidnapped and terrified woman.

INT. FREEPORT - LOBBY - EVENING

Danny and Lexi, coming through the same glass doors as Shaw did earlier. As Lexi takes it all in, she whispers to Danny--

LEXI

Wow, it's like a Rich Douchebag's convention down there.

DANNY

Just remember what we're here for.

LEXI

Can't speak for you but I'm casing the joint...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI (CONT'D)
(off his look, bored voice)
We're confirming Ana Castillo is
being held here--

DANNY
And then we're calling in the
cavalry. Nothing that risks Doctor
Castillo's life--

LEXI
Fine...but I can't help if I happen to
remember a detail or two for later.

They're interrupted by a stout man in a cravat, RORY (50s)--

RORY
Professor McNamara, welcome to the Geneva
Freeport. I'm the Director, Rory Müller.

DANNY
Nice to meet you...
(RE: Lexi)
This is my executive Assistant.

LEXI
(*fuck you, Danny*)
A pleasure.

RORY
Please, the pleasure is all mine.
Any friends of Mister Reece...

As they walk--

DANNY
He's still old school, and isn't
sold on using a Freeport--

RORY
Actually, the concept of a Freeport
isn't new. They used to be simple
shacks where high value items like art,
gold, what have you, could be stored
while in transit to avoid paying taxes
at every port.
(gesturing)
The only thing that's new is "the
shack" has gotten much nicer.

DANNY
If Mister Reece chooses to rent a
vault, what's the largest you have?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RORY
It happens to be available for rent.
(then)
If you'll please follow me--

At the security gate, ***ding!***, they're waved through. *Danny and Lexi are eyed by one of the Guards who pulls out a cellphone and subtly snaps a pic as Danny and Lexi head into--*

INT. FREEPORT - CORRIDOR - SAME

Here the building is less elegant, more functional. Reinforced concrete, solid steel doors. Rory explains--

RORY
Every vault has its own security.
Think of us like a Swiss bank full of
tiny Swiss banks.

DANNY
After what happened in Egypt,
Mister Reece is looking for
something absolutely secure...

RORY
Of course.

DANNY
I'd love to see the Ops Center.

Taken aback, but ever the salesman, Rory recovers nicely--

RORY
Our security system is normally off-
limits to guests...
(then)
...but considering the request came
from Mister Reece personally, we're
happy to oblige.

Rory leads them to--

INT. FREEPORT - OPS CENTER

A high tech surveillance hub. All the cameras converge in a mosaic of monitors on one giant wall. A group of SECURITY GUARDS man the consoles as Rory leads them in--

RORY
Welcome to the nerve center of the Freeport's security system. All three hundred camera feeds converge here. There's constant surveillance, twenty four hours a day as well as a video record of all entries to the vaults.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Are there cameras in the vaults as well?

RORY

Oh, no. Neither we, nor the
Government, have any view of what our
clients keep in their vaults.

(beat)

The only compromise we make for total
privacy is the climate control system
which can sense a fire and alert the
abatement systems which will put it
out without harm to property.

Danny and Lexi share a subtle nod. She produces a tablet--

DANNY

Do you mind if my girl takes notes
for Mister Reece?

RORY

Of course not, by all means.

My girl. Lexi barely hides her scowl as she taps away--

DANNY

Is there any concern about someone
hacking the system, accessing the video?

RORY

Absolutely not. It's a closed-loop
CCTV system, completely unhackable
...done by the same contractors who
built the NSA's new facility.

As Rory talks, we see Lexi reach into her pocket, and slip a
small magnetic device under the desk of one of the consoles--

RORY (CONT'D)

The only way to access this feed is
from inside this room here and--
(pointing to the guards)
--that's no easy feat.

DANNY

Fantastic. I'm impressed. ...Lexi?

ON THE TABLET: *blink!* she gains complete access to the CCTV
system. She smiles, holding it close to her chest--

LEXI

I have everything I need, thank you.

RORY

Then let's continue...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They head out--

INT. FREEPORT VAULT - SAME

Ready to get out of there, Shaw drains his wine glass as Dr. Castillo finishes her inspection--

TOWNSEND

What's the verdict Doctor?

DR. CASTILLO

(relieved)

It's authentic.

TOWNSEND

Excellent. You've taken great care
of the collection, Mister Shaw.

SHAW

...I'll just take my payment and be
on my way, Mister Townsend.

OMAR (tough-looking, 20s) enters, whispers to Townsend as he
hands him a tablet. Townsend looks at it. Then, to Shaw--

TOWNSEND

Please, call me Graham.

(then)

I'm curious, the people who kidnapped
you, why did they let you go?

SHAW

They didn't. She did. We agreed on a price.

TOWNSEND

I see...what did she look like?

SHAW

Very exotic. Hair like a model in a
shampoo commercial.

TOWNSEND

Middle Eastern by way of a Western Education?

Shaw nods, as Townsend hands the tablet to him. ON IT: the
picture of Danny and Lexi taken by the guard.

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

Is this your mystery woman?

SHAW

Yeah. That's her.

TOWNSEND

And the man who is with her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

Bit of a scold. She could do better,
honestly.

As Townsend pulls a silenced pistol from a Louis XIV desk--

TOWNSEND

The two people who let you get away just
walked in the front door of this building.

(coldly)

You led them *right* to us.

BLAM! Townsend shoots Shaw in the chest. Castillo watches
Shaw drop as Townsend turns to Omar, pistol still smoking--

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

Call in the helicopter. We're leaving. Now.

(then)

And rig the counter-measures--I want to
slow them down.

Omar nods, rushes off. Townsend turns to Castillo--

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

Doctor, please come with me.

INT. FREEPORT - CORRIDOR

Danny and Rory walk ahead, as Lexi lingers behind. She looks
like she's taking diligent notes, but actually--

She's scrubbing through hours of CCTV video. She stops--

LEXI

Um, excuse me, sir...?

(re: the tablet)

There's an important message that
needs your attention.

Danny turns, sees the look on her face. Back to Rory--

DANNY

Rory, I'm sold, but I need a few
moments. Why don't I just meet you
at the Cappuccino lounge in the
lobby, we can talk numbers.

Rory nods with a smile, departs. Lexi shows Danny--

ON THE TABLET: DR. CASTILLO, looking right up at the camera.
desperate to be seen. Being led in by a group of MEN.
Unharmed, a coat covers a pair of zip-tied wrists.

DANNY (CONT'D)

She's here!

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)

Time stamp is from an hour ago. Can you see where she went?

Lexi uses the CCTV to follow them through the corridors to--

LEXI

That's vault twenty-two. Two corridors over. Past another security checkpoint.

DANNY

Who are the men with her?

LEXI

(toggling through shots)
Whoever they are, they're pros. Hid their faces from every camera.

(then)

There's an audio channel... Let's see if they talked...

She puts in a bluetooth earbud. Listening, ear tilted...then the color drains from her face--like she's hearing a ghost. She hears a VOICE speaking in ARABIC.

QUICK FLASH TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE

Lexi listening as Renni talks to Farouk on the phone while the FBI tracks the call. It's the same voice.

FLASH BACK TO:

DANNY

What is it?

She looks at Danny with a mixture of confusion and anger--

LEXI

*You told me they killed him...
Farouk is alive.*

Danny is as shocked as her. She doesn't wait for Danny's response, takes off running in the direction of the vault.

DANNY

Lexi!

Danny has no choice but to run after her to--

INT. FREEPORT - SECURE VAULTS ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Two bored guards stand in front of the little trafficked "secure vaults" zone. No idea what's coming their way as--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lexi drop kicks one, knocking him out instantly. Uses his nightstick to take out the surprised second guard.

DANNY

Lexi! Stop! Farouk's dead!

LEXI

He's here!

Pulling a 9mm out of a knocked-out guard's holster, she vaults the security gate, keeps running. Danny grabs the key-card from the guard, ***ding!***, and chases to--

INT. FREEPORT - VAULT

Lexi steps in, weapon trained. Crates full of PRICELESS TREASURE...except there's NO sarcophagus--or Ana Castillo. On the floor, Shaw's body.

Danny rushes in behind her. His eyes are drawn to a lone source of light atop the Louis the XIV desk. On it, wires run to a box. Danny realizes it's an ignition device connected to a massive BOMB. On it, the clock ticks down...3:02 left.

DANNY

That's not good.

Danny steps over Shaw's body to get to the bomb as Lexi lingers in the doorway, still breathing hard--

LEXI

Where did they go?

The answers comes from the dull thud of an INBOUND HELICOPTER. Lexi takes off again towards the sound--

Then, ALARMS ***WAIL!*** A disembodied voice from a speaker above warns in multiple languages--

VOICE (ON SPEAKER)

Warning. Security breached.

(then)

Initiating vault lockdown. Please shelter in place.

SLAM! The vault door LOCKS on Danny. He's stuck inside, face-to-face with a large explosive device. To himself--

DANNY

No, it's cool. I'll take care of the giant bomb.

Danny locked in with the bomb--no idea how to defuse it.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. FREEPORT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Townsend watches as the SARCOPHAGUS OF ANTONY is safely secured inside a massive Soviet-era cargo helicopter.

INT. SOVIET HELICOPTER - SAME

As Townsend climbs aboard, he sees Lexi on the upper level roof above them. She empties her 9mm at the chopper. The old warhorse takes the bullets and keeps chugging, so Lexi goes to Plan B--

Jumps from the roof onto the open cargo ramp of the chopper.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FREEPORT - VAULT - SAME

Danny, focused on defusing the bomb, suddenly hears a groan--
Shaw. Bloody, but still alive. He's wearing a bullet-proof vest under his shirt--that didn't seem to do him much good.

SHAW
Impenetrable, my ass.

Danny pulls him up. Shaw winces, looking down at the armor--

SHAW (CONT'D)
Damned vest was supposed to be state-of-the art.
(then)
This seems like a lot of blood. Am I gonna die?

DANNY
Just keep pressure on it with both hands.
(re: the bomb)
This look familiar?

SHAW
(nods, lightheaded)
I sold it to Townsend. C4 slaved to a Romanian knock-off of a Soviet artillery shell. They call it the "Goat Buster." Pretty janky, but it gets the job done--

DANNY
For once I don't need a history lesson; if we don't disarm it, it'll take the whole building out.

Suddenly realizing it's ticking down--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

Bollocks--

(then, Re: the vault door)

We're locked in, aren't we.

DANNY

Just focus. We'll figure this out.

SHAW

I sold bombs, I didn't *disarm* them.

DANNY

Your file said that as a contractor
you trained in bomb disposal.

SHAW

I washed out of that program!

DANNY

Look at it this way, you figure
this out and you've saved the day.
You fail, we're dead anyway.

SHAW

Fair point. Okay, I'll give it a go.

(then)

First we need to detach the outer
housing to expose the wiring.

Danny starts pulling it apart. Shaw struggles to remember--

SHAW (CONT'D)

But I feel like there was something the
Romanians added to keep people from
doing what we're about to try...

(remembering)

Oh! Right, you can't detach the housing
until you deactivate the pressure-
sensitive plate--

Danny already has the metal housing pulled off, in his hand.

DANNY

Wait...what?!

SHAW

DO NOT MOVE YOUR LEFT HAND! You
must keep consistent pressure on
that plate or this whole place will
blow up.

Off Danny, frozen in place, shaking his head--

DANNY

Okay...what now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK WITH LEXI--

A pair of TOUGHS meet Lexi at the ramp. What she lacks in size Lexi makes up for with speed, making quick work of them. Still ahead of her--

Omar, Townsend's aide. He pulls a sinister-looking knife. She looks at her tiny little knife, shrugs: *It's on*. Omar is an even match for her. ***SLASH!*** He knocks her knife away.

As the overloaded helo fights to leave the ground, a well-timed ***BUMP!*** gives Lexi the edge to grab Omar and spin his wrist, pushing his own knife into his chest. Dead.

She looks over behind the Sarcophagus and sees a terrified and zip-tied Dr. Castillo. Shouting over the rotor--

LEXI

Doctor Castillo, I presume?

Castillo nods. Lexi pulls the knife out of Omar, slices off the zip-ties. Then freezes when she sees--

Bad guys pointing semi-automatics at her--

She pulls Dr. Castillo behind the sarcophagus.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Ready to jump?!

DR. CASTILLO

Yes, but--

Lexi shoves Dr. Castillo off the helo as it lifts off its pad. ***brraappp-braaaap!!*** Bullets rip past Lexi as she jumps.

EXT. FREEPORT ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

She can only watch as the helicopter peels up and away into the darkness--

CASTILLO

As I was going to say.... A very large bomb is set to blow up this building. We need to run!

LEXI

(realizing)

Danny...

BACK IN THE VAULT--

Danny delicately follows Shaw's directions--all while keeping his left hand firmly planted on the device.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW

You'll need to cut the wire
connected to the firing mechanism.
To access it, turn the plate
counter-clockwise. There should be
a yellow wire--

DANNY

There's a *blue* wire and a *white* wire.

SHAW

(shaking his head)

Romanians.

DANNY

The blue one is connected to a
square box, and white is connected
to a round box.

Shaw has no idea. *This isn't going to be easy. Clock ticking--*

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hold on, there's some writing on
the square box...but I can read it.

SHAW

You know Romanian?

DANNY

A little...this is kind of the word
for penis?

SHAW

(realizing)

The firing mechanism. Blue wire.

DANNY

I can't cut the wire with only one
hand. I need you to help me.

Danny looks over, see Shaw's hands are fixed to his chest,
keeping pressure on. *Realizing Shaw can't help right now--*

SHAW

...right.

Danny looks around...spies a small canvas bag full of ancient
gold coins minted with Cleopatra's image on them. He tilts
his head, thinking as--

SHAW (CONT'D)

We're under a minute.

Danny has an idea--grabs the bag, balancing it in his right
hand. He bounces it a few times, trying to judge the weight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then--he can't believe he's about to do this--he lets go with his left hand as he drops the coins on the plate with his right. Just like Indiana Jones!

A beat, and nothing blows up--

SHAW (CONT'D)
I can't believe that worked!

DANNY
I know!

SHAW
Cut the blue wire!

DANNY
Oh, right!

Danny grabs a nearby knife and using his free hand can now pull out the blue wire enough to ***snip!*** cut it.

The counter stops. The bomb is defused. Danny and Shaw breath out, relieved...

DANNY (CONT'D)
Considering all the stuff hidden away in these vaults, do you realize we just saved thousands of years of cultural history?

SHAW
(shaking his head)
...What does she see in you?

THE VAULT DOOR OPENS. There's Lexi.

She steps aside so Ana Castillo can hug Danny--

DANNY
Are you okay?!

DR. CASTILLO
A bit shaken up but all things considered... I can never thank you enough. Or your friend here...

DANNY
(to Lexi)
...Who locked me in the vault.

LEXI
The vault locked on its own.
(then)
Besides, I knew you could handle it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAW
It was mostly *me*.

LEXI
(ignoring him)
Farouk got away.
(to Castillo)
Did you know where he was headed?

DR. CASTILLO
(confused)
Karim Farouk? I thought he was
killed...

DANNY
So he *wasn't* here?

DR. CASTILLO
I didn't see him, but maybe--

LEXI
He was there. I know his voice.

CASTILLO
All I know for certain is what they
are looking for: Cleopatra. She
wasn't in her tomb. They want to
reunite her with Antony. They
believe it will bring about some
kind of curse.

SHAW
Not more of that "curse" nonsense.

DANNY
It doesn't matter if we believe in
it--only that they do.

LEXI
And how many people Farouk is
willing to kill to see it through.

DANNY
If I'm going to find him, I need to
find Cleopatra first.

LEXI
What do you mean, "you"?

DANNY
Lexi, I asked you to help me find
Ana. And I'm grateful. I'll see
that you get paid your fee--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Screw that, until we get Farouk,
I'm your partner.

They turn to see all of the armed guards from the Freeport. Weapons pointed at them, Danny and Lexi put their hands up. Realizing they're in a room full of blood antiquities--

DANNY

I know this looks bad, but I can explain.

Rory Müller, Director of the Freeport, steps in, looks around. Whatever deference he showed before is gone.

RORY

No need to explain to me. You're not my problem anymore.

INT. SECURITY TRANSPORT - DAY

Danny and Lexi face each other. Both ziptied.

DANNY

We're gonna be fine. The law is on our side.

LEXI

(really?)

I assaulted two guards. They think we put a bomb in a vault, and suspect we blew up a pyramid.

DANNY

The first part is you...everything else was the act of a terrorist.

LEXI

So you believe me that Farouk is alive? You don't think I'm crazy?

DANNY

I don't think you're crazy.

Lexi nods, appreciative. Then--

SQUEAK! The truck comes to an abrupt stop. We hear DOORS open and close. After a very long beat, Lexi cranes her neck to peer out through the metal bars of the window--

LEXI

This doesn't look like a police station...

DANNY

We're gonna be fine. Just let me do the talking, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEXI

Yes, that's worked so well for us,
thus far.

Lexi shifts her wrists, pops out of her zipties. Pulls a knife from her shoe--

She cuts off his zip ties. Opens the back of the transport.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

A bridge spanning a massive valley. A magnificent alpine vista in the middle of nowhere. ...but the transport drivers are gone.

LEXI

Where the hell are we...?

Seeing two black SUVs approaching at top speed, and putting the pieces together--

DANNY

"You're not my problem anymore..."

The SUVs make a precision stop, cutting off the road. Six ARAB MEN jump from the cars, dressed low-profile--jeans, leather jackets--advancing on them with precision, MP-5 submachine guns pointed and ready to fire.

LEXI

Uh, Danny...who are these guys?

DANNY

If they are who I think they are...we *may not* be totally fine.

Hoods are thrown over both of their heads. They are stuffed into separate SUVs.

The SUVs drive off, destination unknown.

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE ONE